A MARRIAGE OF THE PERIOD.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT. Author of " An Ambitions Woman," " A Gentleman Leisure," " Rutherford," etc. IV.

They went to Newport in the beginning of June, Archie had rented one of the most attractive villa there, and the season was unusually merry. Adelaide entered into its pomps and vanities with a keen apparent zest. All shadow of her former dis pirited mion had fled. She aimed to make herself a leader, and easily won the place. Each day with her was a continuous whirl amusement-or what most deceptively passed for it. For hours and hours she would often not see her busband. He had his dinners at the Casine with male friends, his card-parties until late at night, his match-games of billiards, his engagements to drive out this or that lady on Bellevne or Ocean Avenues. With Adelaide it was much the same. It constantly seemed to her as if the only occasions on which she held any prolonged personal intercourse with her husband were when they were both preparing to pass among the most sundering influences. Society, that so widely separated them, would now and then bring them together-and only for that purpose. After the festivities of Newpert had ended they returned to New-York.

Adelaide had many admirers of the opposite sex but upon one of these she had for some time chosen to bend an especially indulgent heed. This one was Mr. Seymour Woodbridge, a bachelor of considerable wealth and unswerving adherance to all the edicts of caste. Mr. Woodbridge possessed a graceful figure, and a smooth, rather handsome, though mindless face. Report declared of him that he had been the only son of a Western pork-merchant, and that his general family origin was altogether wrapped in a most plebeian mist. But after spending several years abroad he had come to New-York with pronounced inclinations toward securing fashionable prominence there, and had spent his money to that end with judicious liberality. He had been fairly well lance when Adelaide first gave him favorable notice, but her kindly smile put the last touch of success upon his efforts. It suited her to have his devout attendance almost wherever she went, and he was only too anxious for its unreserved bestowal. She never found him in the least degree interesting; now and then his company bored her not a little. On his own side Woodbridge was not at all stimulated by sentiment. It looked excessively well to pass for the genteel worshiper of Mrs. Archie Champlin. She was the mode, and to be perpetually seen at her side helped to make him so. That was all, though numberless observers by no means thought that it was all. And the correct, well-mannered, snobbish Mr. Seymour Woodbridge would have been greatly distressed to have them think it was all. Mrs. Champlin, her friends decided, nad let herself drift along with the stream. It was quite in the order of things that somebody should be "devoted" to her. All the other women in her set publicly ignored their husbands and were ignored by them in return. Uxoriousness was so ridiculous when one " went out" much. It was just as unpopular in London, too, as it was in New-York. None of the great English swells cultivated it. Of course, this sort of thing should be regulated by prudence. And Mrs. Champlin had seen too much of the world before her marriage to behave impru-The early autumn in New-York was devoid, as

usual, of any great dances or similar entertainments. But there was the inevitable round of dinners. Adelaide and her husband both gave and attended these. One evening, while they were being driven home from a somewhat notable affair of this sort at the house of a certain important magnate, Mrs. Champlin said to her husband in the careless tone which she now nearly always adopted when addressing him:

"Oh, by the way, Archie, you didn't tell John to

drop you at the club corner, did you?"
"No," said Archie, rather snortly, in the gloom of the carriage, which quite concealed his face from his wife, as it concealed her face from him. His voice was systematically so amiable that Adelaide started on hearing it.

" Are you not going to the club ?" she asked. "Not just yet. I'm going home with you. I've something that I want to tell you."

Adelaide gave a slight laugh. "Can't you tell it here ?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes," he answered, speaking now with his usual nonchalance and geniality. "But the drive is so short, you know . . We will be at home in a few

'Has it come?' thought Adelaide, with a sudden throb of the heart. 'I hope so !

ball light was burning brilliantly as they entered their stately mansion. In one of the drawing-rooms a dimmer side-light made the rich farniture and costly pictures only faintly visible. Adelaide passed hither, unloosing the cords of her white opera-cloak and letting her ample silken draperies trail upon the soft-carpeted floor. Archie followed her. He had not taken off his overcoat. As his wife sank into a chair he drew out his cigarette case. But before striking a match he said to her with his invariable courtesy: "Will you permit Ine to smoke here ?"

"Oh, certainly," she said. She watched his profile against the light near which he stood. It gave every evidence of his ordi-nary calm. He had lit his eigarette and blown a smoke-cloud from it, before he said, turning his face in her direction, though one of his arms re mained resting rather negligently on a portion of

"My dear Adelaide, I dislike to interfere in your private affairs. You know I have never done so since our marriage. Is not this true ?"

"Quite true," she responded. And then, after a very brief pause, she added: "Neither have I done

"I grant it." he said, though the words betrayed a tinge of annoyance no sooner perceived than gone

"Very well, my dear, I would not do so now if circomstance did not make it in a manner imperative." He suddenly tossed his eigarette into the grate as though its flavor had a disrelish, and faced her, standing erect. "Circumstance does do this now. Let me not employ any roundabout phrases. Your being seen so constantly with that man, Woodbridge-a very nice fellow, to whom I have no ob jection-is beginning to cause remark." There was now a silence. Adelaide looked up at

him, very composedly, in the dim light. " Do you wish me to drop Mr. Woodbridge's acquaintance P she asked, with her voice even and cold.

"Oh, by no means," he exclaimed. "That would be quite unjust to the poor chap. But I want you to make yourself more civil in two or three other directions, don't you know, my dear-at least for s time. You understand? Women are such talkers, such gossibs. No conbt you've already suspected that some woman has been giving me dark hints. and all that nonsense. It is nonsense-you can't doubt for an instant, my dear, that I think it so. trust you as I trust-but never mind; even to speak on such a subject before you would be impertinence, and so I will refrain. Only, from the worldly point of view, a woman must be guarded. She must avoid bavarderie. I need not say another word, need I !" He had drawn close to her, and taken her gloved hand, pressing it for an instant; the glove did not let him feel how cold it was. " Aud now, my dear, I'm off to the club for an hour or so. You're not offended-no, I'm certain you're not. As recoir."

He left her. The tears sprang to her eyes and knot climbed into her throat as she heard the hall door close. 'And this is marrying the man you love!' she thought, with a rush of supreme bitte ness to her miserable heart. 'Well, the first step in my test, my project, my resolve, has been definitely taken. If it ends in our eternal separation I will show him that he has married a woman, and not the mere passive amentity he supposes me!

For the next fortnight Adelaide never missed a ance of being seen in society with Seymour Woodbridge. She had grown almost to dislike this man's presence and personality—both reminded her so stingingly of her own unhappiness—but she neveress treated him with a gracious encouragemen that made him her still closer adherent.

By degrees she saw that her husband was deeply Copyright, 1886, by Edger Fawcett.

irritated. For the first time in his life he had been quietly and determinedly crossed. A new, harsh note had been struck into the obeisance and acquiescence which all his wishes had received. And for the first time he showed that, after all, this nece universal homage had spoiled him. One morning, in reference to the guests which had been fivited for a dinner-party at home that same evening, he said to his wife:

"By the way, tell me just who are invited. I contess I ve neglected asking until now, nearly the last moment."

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Adelaide's mother was present, and also her aunt, Mrs. Newburgh. The latter had dropped in, as she now not seldom did of a norning. She now treated both her sister and her niece with an urbane sweetness which was like the unbending of some sovereign before his admitted equals.

Adelaide mentioned the names of her expected guests. The last name she mentioned was that of Seymour Woodbridge. As her husband heard it a sudden dark frown crossed his face. He gave Adelaide one swift look in which she clearly read strong displeasure. A little while afterward he strolled from the room.

from the room.

"My dear Adelaide," presently began her mother,
"My dear Adelaide," presently began her mother,
Do you?"

"I am not informed on that point." said Adelaide,

Mrs. Newburgh, with her imposing embonpoint, give a perceptible start. "Would it not be better if you did inform yourself, Adelande?" that lady asked.

"I don't know that it would, Aunt Linda," was her niece's reply, in the same tone as that which she had previously used. "Archie requested me to in-vite one or two ladies whom I do not at all like, and Vanvelsor exchanged a glance with her sis-

Mrs. Varieties rectanged a plete congeniality.

It expressed, on either side, a vivid disapproval of Adelaide's recent attitude.

"But, my dear," said her mother, "a wife, you know, must regard her husband's prejudices."

"Not if a husband doesnot regard his wife's," said

Adelaide.

Mrs. Newburgh raised both hands and let them

Mrs. Newburgh raised both hands and let them fall into her rather capacious lan. "This will never do?" she exclaimed. "If you begin like this you will end in. in. what shall I say I. calamity—nothing but calamity."

Alclarde slowly nedded. "I see," she said, with a peculiar snule. "You think that husbands must always be propitisted."

"Yes," said Mrs. Newburgh, with flurried though distinct emphasis. "In most cases—yes."

"Yes!" echoed Mrs. Vanvelsor, who now rarely disagreed with her sister, and who had forgotten her grumbling and lamentational post in the cheeringly mellow hey-day of spresent prosperity. "The only way to get on with husbands is to propitiate them."

them."

"Ah!" said Adelaide, preserving her odd smile.

"And how about wives!"

"Oh, that is not the right 'spirit at all!"

cried Mrs. Newburgh, sottly, looking from her sister to her niece. "Never-never!"

"Never in the world!" said Mrs. Vanvelsor.

"Never in the world!" said Mrs. Vanvelsor.
Adelaide rose and went up to her annt. "You must permit me to indulge that spirit or not, however, as I choose," she said, with much softness but a great deal of firmness also, "And now, if you please, I should prefer talking about something else. Your amateur theatricals, Annt Linda, for the benefit of the Panper Consumptives, will undoubtedly be a great success. I am so sorry that I have no talent for acting—none whatever."

"Ah, my dear," said Mrs. Newburgh, who was not to be wholly suppressed even by the niece of whom she was so proud for having made such a notably brilliant marriage, "I am sure that you underrate your abilities, and that you can act when you only choose to try . . ."

The dinner took place, and Archie made the most bland and cordial of hosts. But during the days that followed, Adelaide saw many signs of his growing disapprobation. Still, there was no actual spoken sentence which informed her of it. The storm seemed surely in the air, so to speak. Would it burst! And it so, how soon!

storm seemed surely in the air, so to speak. Would it burst! And it so, how soon!

She had begun to grow very weary of the suspense. Her life was hateful to her. She despised herself for playing the very part which she had so resolutely set herself to play.

On a certain afternoon, while she was dressing for a reception to which Mr. Seymour Woodbridge would accompany her, the valet of her husband sent word by her maid that he desired a few minutes of conversation. A little later Adelaide gave orders that the man should be admitted.

He appeared, in a state of considerable tropidation. He had forgotten to give Mr. Champlin, as usual, that gentleman's card-case. Did Mrs. Champlin know where he had gone, so that it could be

usual, that gentleman's card-case. Did Mrs. Chain-plin know where he had gone, so that it could be sent?

"I do not know, really, Antoine," said Adelaide to the distressed little Frenchman. "Is it so very important a matter that Mr. Champlin should have his card-case?"

"Yes, madame," said Antoine in his voluble French. "Monsierr has always given me the strictest orders about placing it in a pocket of his coat. I have sent it to the club, but Monsieur is not there."

Give it to me," said Adelaide. "If Mr. Cham-

"Give it to me," said Adelaide. "If Mr. Champlin is at the reception to which I am going—and I think he will be there at some time before I leave—I will surely hand it to him."

She took the card-case—a soft flexible wallet of Russian leather, with Archie's monogram in glit upon it—and laid it temporarily on her dressing-table. Just before leaving her room she removed it from the dressing-table, and as she did so something dropped from its interior. Her maid was no longer in the apartment. She picked up what had fallen, and saw that it was a photograph, and the likeness of a waman. And then, as she recognized the face, her own grew very pale.

Archie appeared at the reception that afternoon. Adelaide went there with Woodbridge. The moment that she saw her husband she said to the gentleman who had come with her:

gentleman who had come with her:

"I want you, please, to tell Mr. Champlin that I must speak with him a moment."

The rooms were crowded, and it was some time before Archie succeeded in reaching her side. When he did so she perceived that he was very angry. She had never seen him so angry before. It charged that he was very angry. when any standard and the special standard special standard special sp like a person who did not date trust hismelf to speak before so many possible listeners. As it was, the expression which his wife plandy interpreted, no doubt passed nonoticed amid the noisy, bubbling throng. She herself was as calm as marble. She at once obeyed the sign which he gave her, and slipped into the alcove of the window. Archie immediately followed.

"I am sorry," he said, huskily, under his breath, "that you have thought it necessary not merely to disregard my advice, but to treat it with bravado as well."

Why do you address me thus!" she asked, with

her voice low, her manner whoily collected.

"Why?" he repeated. "You know well why.
You made that man your messenger to me."

"And if I did?"

"And if I did !"
"I had already given you certain counsel. You had completely ignored it—treated it with contempt, in fact. Some slight further proof that you had done this was still needed—or so you probably thought. This proof you have had no hesitation in

had done this was still needed—or so you probably thought. This proof you have had no hesitation in showing."

"The gentleman of whom you speak," said Adelaide, "happened to be at my side, and I took advantage of this fact." Here she drew forth the card-case, "Your man, Antoine," she continued, "desired that I would hand you something which he should, as usual, have placed in your keeping. That is all."

"That is not all," he said, coldly and sternly, while taking the card-case, "There is more, Adelaide. But of course it cannot be discussed here."

She met his gaze with a brave, steady light in her own, "You are right," she said. "There is a great deal that cannot be discussed here. Among other things, the photograph of a certain woman which you carry, I see, in your card-case, and which I saw only by acculent, since it chanced to fall upon the floor at my very feet."

A look of surprise swept over Archie's face. He glanced down at the card-case almost wonderingly; then, while flushing to the roots of his hair, he thrust it hurriedly into his pocket.

"What do you know—I'me began, and there stopped short. In agitation, dismay, dire embarrassment, he stared at his wife.

She, still without a tremor breaking her tranquility, and with a half-smile playing on her lips, moved toward the threshold of the alcove.

"I know merely what I have been forced to learn," she answered. And then she left him.

Shortly afterward she left the house also. That evening she dined alone with her mother; Archie did not appear. She sat silent and abstracted during the meal, of which she made only a feint of tasting the different courses. When the final retirement of the attending servant permitted, Mrs. Vanvelsor said to her, almost peevishly:
"Adelaide, what has happened to "Happened mamma" she asked absently.

"Adelaide, what has happened it"

"Adelaide, what has happened it"

"Happened mamma it she asked absently.

"Yes. It is something between you and Archie.
You oflended him this morning. Don't deny it.
Ah, my dear, do not be reckless. Do not play with
Providence itself."

Ah, my dear, do not be reckless. Do not play with Providence itself."

"Do you callArchie Providence?" asked Adelaide.

"That is rather flattering."

"Oh, don't assume this half-sneering style with me!" exclaimed her mother, showing increased petulance. "You will be sorry if you don't conciluate Archie, provided anything has occurred. You owe him a great deal. You owe him—"

"Not another word, manma, please," said Adelaide, rising from the table and speaking with so much gentleness that the force she used told all the more because it had no harsh ring. "I am aware just what I owe my husband, and if you and I disagree as to the quality of the debt I must insist that the points of our disagreement remain unquestioned."

Mrs. Vanvelser gave her daughter a reproachful

that the points of our disagreement remain anquestioned."

Mrs. Vanvelsor gave her daughter a repreachful glance and seemed as if she were on the verge of tears. Adelaids, with a sudden revulsion of mood, a at once went up to her mother and put both arms about the lady's neck.

Dear manna, size said, forgive me! But you don't understand me, you can't fathour me, just at present. I am acting by all the lights that I possess. They may not be very likuminating once. I grack. But I must employ them—I have no others that I can use. I think, I believe—I very firmly and devently believe—that I am taking the best

course. I want to be right—there is so much in that. One must be one's own guide in a case like this... Now, pray ask me no questoms. Trust me as well as you can, and .. be silent. Hereafter we will talk together. But I—I can't talk with you now. Dear mamma, be good to me, as you have always been, and humor me just for this once... "About an hour later Archie entered the house. Adelaide was in the front drawing-room at the time, and heard him turn his latch-key in the door. She had given orders that she would be not at home' to anyone who might call. Her mother, after a little tearful outburst, had gone upstairs, and she felt thankful for this. Archie would undoubtedly look into the drawing-room and find her there alone.

alone.

He did. As she heard his step cross the door-sill

He did. As she heard his step cross the door-sill she raised her eyes. She had a book in her lap, and seen d to have been reading it, near a shaded lamp. The moment that Archie saw her he passed straight into the room. His eyes never left her face while he did so. She returned his look, midly but unwavernigly. He seated himself on a chair opposite her, not far from where she herself sat.

"There must be an explanation between us," he said. His words were measured and slow.

Adelaide put down her book. Her repose was perfect. "Do you mean about that woman?" she asked.

He visibly quaited and bit his lip. "No," he said.

Because I happened to find that you carry with

"Because I happened to find that you carry with you the photograph of a woman whose bonsteat claim upon you is not to your credit."

"Vho told you that?" be said, with a spark kindling in his usually soft eye.

"She herself told me. It was before our marriage. That woman came to my mother with some letters from you—or at least she said they were from you—which she wished to sell. She mentioned a price for them. I overheard the conversation between my mother and herself and ordered her to depart my mother and herself, and ordered her to depart at once. She did so. I have never seen her since. But I remember her face."

"And you made no mention to me of this affair?" said Archie, as if he forced the words from between

shut teeth.

"I made no mention of it. I knew that you had no doubt done the things which men do as bacheors, and which they are almost held in higher esteem for doing. Held thus, I mean, by certain people—the people whom you and I meet so incessorit." He had searched her face while she spoke, but as

she ended he dropped his eyes. There was some thing in her tones that had the evidence of direct

thing in her tones that had the evidence of direct, simple, unmistakable truth.

"Adelaide," he presently said, once more lifting his eyes to hers, "I have not seen this woman for three years. The photograph she sent me was received a day or two ago, with a begging, coarse, and silly letter. I tore up the letter and carelessly thrust the photograph into my card-case. Do you believe me when I tell you this?"

"Do I believe you?" repeated Adelaide.

"Yes," he urged, leaning toward her and speaking with vehomence. "I swear to you on my honor as gentleman that I."

"Do nothing of the sort," Adelaide broke in. "I

"Do nothing of the sort," Adelaids broke in. "I am far from requiring it. I believe you without it. If I thought you capable of falsehood I might ask your oath."

He shrugged his shoulders, and leaned back in his chair. "Then you at least exenerate me from your enspicions. It's well to learn that you pay me this

I have never failed to pay you respect." ow is that I" he quickly asked. "You are di-y disobeying me with regard to that man, fbridge." You have never ordered me to dismiss his atten

tions."

"Ordered you? No! But I signified my objections to them. Should not that have been enough?

Adelaide shock her head. "No," she answered. "In this life which you desire me to lead, every woman has some attendant like that. Mr. Woodbridge is no more to me than my fan or my gloves. I make precisely the same use of him. I am seen with him in public. If it were not he it would be somebody else."

A bitter smile carled his lin. "Very many of the precise of the pre

somebody else."

A bitter smile curled his lip. "You say that. But you are very far from meaning it."

"I mean it absolutely," she said. "You do not believe me. But you do me a severe immatice by not believing me. And why! Because I have just expressed to you my full belief regarding what you said about that woman."

expressed to you my full belief regarding what you said about that woman."

Archie, always so much the gentleman, rose in a momentary rage, then. "Damn that woman!" he exclaumed. "I hate and detest her! And you think that because she dared do what you say she did, you can use her as a means of browbeating me now. Really, Adelaide, I don't like to tell you it, but when I married you I gave you enough by so doing to expect from you more recognition—more "(he paused, augrily, as if for a word, here) "more gratitude than I get from you now."

Adelaide rose, then. For the first time she showed real excitement. Her checks had colored and her eyes were sparkling.

"At last!" she cried. "It comes at last!"

Husband and wife faced each other, both standing.

"What do you mean?" he said. "What comes at

st ?"
"Your confession of the real spirit in which you "Your confession of the real spirit in which you married me. You conferred a signal honor upon me. I was a poor girl, you a flattered and idolized parts. You might have married hundreds of others; you had only to lift your finger, to give the sign. You did so, and I was supposed to leap toward you with delight. That is what everybody thought that I did do—that is the way the world always regards any such marriage. But for once the world that I did do—that is the way the world always regards any such marriage. But for once the world was wholly wrong. I married you solely because cared for you. Your wearth, your position, your so-termed desirability, had nothing whatever to do with the matter. But you, courted and cajoled almost from your birth—wholly failed to realize this. You had leafowed upon me the dignity of your name, and that was enough. You were to live presents the same life atter as before your research. name, and that was enough. You were to live precisely the same life after as before your marriage. The only difference washto be that instead of your giving bachelor-dinners, I was to sit at the head of your table. You went and came as you pleased: I could go and come as I pleased. Still, after all, it occurred to you that I really had not the same liberties. Gossips declared that you devoted yourself to this or that woman. You laughed at gossip, and rather enjoyed it than otherwise. But with myself to could not be the same. Even that poor harmless nonentity of a Woodbridge could not be too closely associated with my goings and comings. The thing might do in Paris—possibly even in London. Here in New-York the code is more strait-laced. I must be warned. A word would be quite enough, no matter how carelessly and lightly you spoke it. Of course I would pay you instant obedience. Why should I not do so? You were my husband. A husband has his rights of connect, suggestion, direction. should I not do so? You were my husband. A husband has his rights of counsel, suggestion, direction. A wife should not inquire into their consistency or their propriety. Her duty is simply to obey. We were both flesh-and-blood, but flesh-and-blood of a totally different stamp. Before marriage you had safely committed follies which if I had presumed to dream of them, would have ostracized me forever. On the same principle you could persevere in every gratification of caprice or passing sentiment afterward. Besides, I had gained so much by marrying you! I had the honor of your name to uphold, and though you might even drag it in the dust, any injury on my part, of the sacred privilege you had given me would be ranked as flagrant ingratitude?' Adelaide sank back into her chair as she finished speaking. She was very pale, and she was breathing quickly.

speaking. She was very pale, and she was breath-ing quickly.

Her husband sprang toward her. "Adelaide," he said, "what is the meaning of such revolt as this! I see!" he went on, with an impetuous rebuke his tones; "it means that you have ceased to love

Her eyes were bright but hard as she raised them to his excited face.

"It means," she said, "that the end has come. It can not live as I have been living. I would rather die. We must separate. Give me what you please, to live upon—or give me nothing: I don't care. Annt Linda will not see mamma and me starve. If she will, I can't help it. All is over. I will not beg you for that which should be my right. I never did beg anything of you. I have merely toll you the truth when the truth had to be spoken. You have pushed me to it at last. It is your fault, not mine."

"Yes, it is wholly my fault," he cried. He bent over her, and put his arms about her. "I never knew how much I loved you till now," he went on, passionately, "because till now you never taught me to honor you. You are right—the world had spoiled me. I took you for granted, like all the other gifts fortune has brought me. It is my shame that I did think you should have been grateful. But, Adelaide, it would be agony to lose you! I realize it now; you are everything on earth to me. You were so near, so apparent, so within the reach of my very hand, that I forgot how precious you were as well. I have been selfish—unspecikably selfish. But nuless you have lost all love for me you will pardon me, and make that hateful word gratified one that shall apply utterly to myself. Look up, Adelaide. From this hour we can lead a different life. To-night will be our wedding night. You still bow yout head—you will not answer me and tell me that I am forgiven?

She raised her eyes to his as he spoke that final word. They swam in tears. She could not answer him. She could only press his arms downward from her neck so that her own arms could lift themselves and thus mutely give the response he demanded.

But a little later she found voice to say, in a glad yet tearful whisper:

"Oh, Archie, this will be our wedding-night," Her eyes were bright but hard as she raised them

yet tearful whisper:
"Oh. Archie, this will be our wedding-night,
We will begin it all anew, and God grant that it
shall last for years and years!"

THE END.

STATUARY FOR LEXINGTON.

The beroic statue of the late General John C The heroic statue of the late General John C. Breckinridge, upon which Edward Valentine, the Virginia sculptor, has been at work for several years, Is now almost completed, and an effort will be made to have it arranged to erect and unveit the statue in this city with public ceremonies on the Pourth Day of pext July. It will prombly be erected in the rotunda of the new court-house. The Legislature apprepriated \$15,000 for the statue, and this sum was largely augmented by private subscriptions. Probably on the same day the group of statuary known as "Wouna Triumphant," the materiples of Just T. Hart, the Kentsoky semiptor, which was resently parchased from Tiflany, of New-York, by are association of Lexington, will be unveiled in a room tot apart for it in the new court-house.

AN ACCOUNT SETTLED.

A NEW-ORLEANS REMINISCENCE.

NEW-ORLEANS, May 12 .- Some of the New-Orleans landladies are wonderfully interesting. I do not mean the "uptown" landladies, persons of pure white ood and harrowing reliets of better days, who try to feed you on their ancestors and whose misfortanes you are required with awful severity to respect. I refer to those who have occupied Rampart, Conti, Royal and Bourbon sts., who are rarely of pure Cancasian strain, though it would often puzzle a stranger to tell whether they were or not. They belong to that singular class grouped roughly under the name of "octorooms," but as a matter of fact they represent all grades and subdivisions of "come," from the tawny griffs up to the blonds in whom the Congo admixture is versified by nothing but tradition. These women are either the relicts—place—of some well-to-do whits citizen long since hid to rest in the family tomb and enlogized by his sorrowing (and legitimate) relatives, or they are the de-scendants of such relicts. In either event they are the most accomplished hostesses on the continent. Circumstances have graduated them in the art of making men omfortable. In times past their happiness, their teaure depended on their excellence; and now that the social revolution has been accomplished and the old institu-tions are one by one shrivelling up before the inroads of the new, these lessons stand them in good need. But it was on quite another aspect of the "octoroon

cence, of the curious memorius of bygone days she can recall. The tale I am atout to unfold is a true one. I heard it one drowsy afternoon last week, while resting after the labors of the Exposition. Remote from the pastle of the uptown world and lazlly watching a per spective of roofs and gables that might have belonged t ome old and half-forgotten chapter of French history, I and induced the venerable Tinette to chat with me on t shaded gallery running along the side of the house. Had [ever met Polyte Robichaux | No! Ha! There was a fine man -- but spoil -oh, yes, -quite spoil; effectually, ruin." And then, at first in broken Instalments, but oon warming to her work, she told fine the story-told it with a chic and a flavor which I would give much to reproduce. Polyte Robichaux belonged to Tinette's class le had enjoyed great advantages, to be sure. His father, a substantial old Frenchman, made a fortune, and went back to France, taking Polyte with him. There the boy was educated, or rather "finished," for he had been well trained at home; and there he dwelt on terms of unquestioned equality with his father's associates and in the enjoyment of unlimited means. Bright, quick, eager, versatile, he acquired both the solid and the graceful things is unbounded profusion. He spoke three languages perfectly. He was a musician of genuine perit and sang, in a light but curiously sweet buritone, with discriminating taste. In a word, he had almost every social adornment and was greatly sought in many of the salous of Paris, where men and women of wit and parts were accustomed to meet. But old Robichaux, like ., other people, had his maurais quart d'heure, and when he found that his fortune, the fabric of a long and busy, and possibly not too scrupulous, life, had tumbled into hopeless ruins about his ears, like a thoroughly polite and considerate old Frenchman ha-died. Polyte intifully mourned his affectionate if irregular parent and then took a trial balance on the situation. The figures were discouraging. Nothing remained except a few pieces of real estate in New-Orleans, of no great value. In France the sweep had been a clean one. The end was inevitable. Polyte turned his back upon Paris and set out for New-Orleans, where, he thought, he might by economy and care contrive to extort a dec if meagre living from the remnant of the Robiehau

estate. His awakening was sudden and complete. Of course there was no mistake about the property. He found that intact. And, certainly, by good management it might be made to yield a livelihood. For the rest—a blank. He had left New-Orleans too young to understand the gulf separating him from his moral and intellectual equals, He came back a man of twenty-seven, with every faculty sharpened by the experiences of his Parisian life doubly, exquisitely alive to the coldness, the avoidance, the forbidding distance of those to whom he naturally gravitated for companionship and sympathy. By slow and sure degrees he succumbed to the cruel pressure Gradually he felt the social horizon close in about him shatting out everything he cared for or was accustomed to, until he felt that most forlorn of oreatures—a stranger and an exile, in his own home. The tension told sadiy upon him. He lost his old jaunty brightness, grew cyni-

the sylph like, soft-eyed girl of his boylsh dreams, he say before him a fat, 'endan-footed housekeeper. His hear sank within him. Without literest he followed the recital of her life since he had last seen her. It was the old story. She had gone the way of her kind. Young fair, necomplished, she had become the wife-on the time honored places plan-of a prosperous English cotton buyer. She had an elegant home, a number of lavely children, a faithful and devoted protector, and enjoyed the highest consideration among the octoroon colony. Polyte was crushed. He knew nothing of all this. He turned away from the wreek of his boylsh fancy, bitterness and resentment in his heart. He had the world. He loathed New Orleans society.

Two years passed. Outwardly resigned and accepting the situation, Polyte had opened an office in Exchangealley not far from St. Louis st. The location was con-

He loathed New Orleans society.
Two years passed. Outwardly resigned and accepting the situation, Polyte had opened an office in Exchangealley not far from St. Loris st. The location was convenient to Richelleu's and Antoine's, where he noted as confidential adviser to the leading men of his class, such people as Ariside Mary, F. X. Dunnas, the Dubuclets and the Jouberts were his clients. Through their patronage he managed to increase the small store of worldly goods left him by his father until it assumed very respectable proportions. He was resting one day in his effice when Melantle burst into the room—a flushed and flabby apparition which he regarded with amazement and contempt. Her nose was red through weeping. Her eyes were fishly. Her form, which in times gone by he had looked upon with rapture, new quivered like a mountain of jelly. She was absurd. He promptly classed her with the things he hated, and he watched her movements with cruelty and suspicion depicted in his eye.

"Polyte, you loved me once.—I loved you."

"Perhaps, It is so long ago. But what is it?"

"Drummond is dead!"

The tears flowed afresh. Polyte wondered in his wieked heart if she were trying to revive the old feeling. An evil store approach over his features.

to everybosy. I found him dead in his room, without a will—I know it."

Poivte became interested.

"I tow did he sie I"

"Suddenly. How do I know "

"Had he been iii V"

"No; perfectly well and strong, when I took the coffee to his room at 8 o'clock."

"No one knew that anything alled him I"

"No one dreamed of It."

"And nobedy nows he is dead now I Stay; be careful!"
She paused a moment, vainly undeavoring to follow the drift of his questions. Tren., "No, not a soul. I came straight to you. To you, Polyte, who—"

"Yes, yes; that was right. Nover mind the rest. I am your friend. But, tell me, can you follow my directions! Will you dry your eyes, stop this weeping and do as I say "

"Yes, anything."

"Go house. Let no one now what has happened. I will see to the rest."

"Yes, anything."
"Go home. Let no one now what has happened. I will see to the rest."
Overpowered by his energy and decision, Melanie dried her toars and went home. He sat for half an hour wrapped in thought. He then put on his hat, locked his office and made his way to No.—Toulouse. Melanic was waiting for him. She showed him the room where Drummond lay, stiff, and with that peculiar look which tells of heart disease. He was dressed. Death had evidently overtaken him with awtil suddenness.

Polyte ordered Melanic out of the room. He said he would call if he needed her. He seemed determined and callous to the scene before him. Left alone, he raised the ecrpse and carried it to one of those vast freele armodrs and closed the door upon it. Then he undressed lifmelf and got into bed. He rang the bell. Melanic rushed him.

"Darken the room."

" Darken the room."

" What! Are you—What have you done with It !"

" What! Are you—What have you done with It !"

" Ask ne questions," said Polyte augrily, " if you wish
me to arrange this matter. I am acting for you—not for
myself. Choose!"

Could Melanie refuse to obey ? She darkened the room.
At Polyte's request she sent for old Grives, the halfdeaf and halt blind notary around the corner.
When he room of the dying man.

" I feel that I am dying, 'Sleur Grivot. I wish to
leave my money to the faithful people who have been
with me so long."

" Have you no helrs !"

"I feet that I am dying sent of the leave my money to the faithful people who have been with me so long."

"Have you no heirs i"
"None here. These are my children. Melanie has been loyal. They are entitled to my savings. Arrange it so that they shall inherit everything."

The notary went to work. Polyte was breathing heavily. At hat. "Any particulars i" The dying man turned: "Yes, I wish to constitute Polyte Robiehaux the trustee of my heirs. Polyte—"

"Why—he is—"
"Why—he is—"
"Never mind. I know. Polyte Rebichaux is my trustee."

"Sever mind. I know. Polyte Rebichaux is my trustee."

"Sever mind. I know. Polyte Rebichaux is my trustee."

"Sever mind. I know. Polyte Rebichaux is my trustee."

"Alt, well, "aid the dying man feebly; "I have no time to consider. I feel myself growing weaker. Make Polyte my legatee—he will de what is right by Melanis and the children.—No "(as Grivot endeavored to interpose)." "This is my business—hurry—hurry."

It was dens. Drummond's fortune was left to Polyte

Robiohaux with all sorts of loving messages to Melanie and the children. Melanie and a neighbor were called in to witness the marament, which was them placed under the pillow. 'Sieur Grivot received his \$50 fee from the trembling hands of the dying man and went away, contented with himself and the world. As soon as the door closed on his retreating form Polyte called Melanie. Together they extricated the corpse from its hiding place, undressed it and put it to ted. Then, telling her to send for him a couple of hours later. Polyte withdrew with the will safely stowed away in his pocket. The remainder of this story is soon told. Late in the afterneon the distracted Melanie announced by a piercing shrick that Drummond was dead. The neighbors rushed to her assistance. There was the usual vailing and lamentation. Then came the funeral and finally Polyte Robichaux appeared, grave with the sense of responsibility and armed with that singular will. He told everyous that the money was intended for the children and went about the work of realizing the dead man's fortune with system and dispatch. It was all convertible. Stocks, bomis and securities in those days were good for money at sight, and within a week Melanie was in possession of some \$50,000 in oah. She had thought Mr. Prammond much richer, but she did not know—he never told her about his affairs. At any rate \$50,000 was a great deal of money, and she was grateful to Polyte. But when a few weeks later, Polyte sold out his own scanty possessions and salled for Europe, he carried with him more than \$200,000. Robiebaux with all sorts of loving messages to Melanic and the children. Melanic and a neighbor were called

TOURGUENEER ON THE RUSSIANS. A SEMI-BARRAROUS PROPLE

PROFESSOR BOYESEN BECALLS SOME OF THE NOV ELIST'S OPINIONS.

Copyright, 1885. "The trouble with us Russians," said Tourguéneff on one occasion, as I was sitting smoking with him in his library. " is that we have the Tartar so close behind us. We are a semi-barbarous peeple, just civilized enough to have acquired the vices of civilization. We put Parisian kid gloves upon our hands instead of washing them. We bow and scrape and utter polite phrases in one moment, then go home and thrash our servants. We like to declaim about the future of Russia, about her vast, undeveloped strength and her manifest destiny to gobble up the rest of Europe; and this patriotic intoxication makes us blind and deaf to the hor-

rible abuses of the present." I have often had occasion to recall this conversa tion of late years, when Russia has taken steps to fulfil her "manifest destiny," and it seemed to furnish the clew to much that has seemed mysterious in Russian diplomacy. Of course Tourguéness though he loved his country, had no reason to love its rulers, and he rarety spoke of the Romanofts except with bitterness or contempt. The late Czar, Alexander II., he regarded as a fait type of the family-an unscrupulous libertine, externally amiable and polished, but at heart a relentless tyrant. The Czarevitch, who has since succeeded him, he regarded as, on the whole, a better man than his father, though in point of intellect his inferior. He had just character enough to be stubborn, but not enough to be firm. His zeal for reform would, when he became Emperor, blow over in a day. No reformer of the family of Romanoff would ever sit upon the throne of Russia. . . . In the spring and early summer of 1879

spent several months in Paris and during that time passed an evening every week in Tourguéneff's company. His study was a luxuriously appointed room, with low divans, great oil paintings, and an air of dreamy Oriental languor. The gout had then got a firm clutch on him and he could not move about with ease. He sat in an easy chair with his aimg leg resting on another chair, and talked, with his head thrown back and his eyes half closed, about Russia and the Romanoffs. Sometimes he was well for weeks; then imprudence in diet would bring on a fresh attack, and he would be on the rack. I noticed, however, that pain made no perceptible difference in conversational powers; on the contrary, it seemed at times to rouse him to greater vigor and brilliancy. His house was a rendezvous for a miscellaneous company of political exileschietly Poles and Russians. He did not profess to sympathize with them; but when they were starving he helped them. When they quarrelled, as they usually did, he made peace between them. For a very few (who had practical sense enough to be useful he obtained modest positions in which they could keep soul and body together. I met on different occasions in his study some of the queerest types of the gerus homo that I ever laid my eyes on. One man whom I shall never forget if I grow to be a hundred years old had spent seven years in solitary confinement in the fortress of Kiev. He had been a student at the University of St. Petersburg and had, in that capacity, presented an address to the Czarevitch compiaining of certain abuses. air of dreamy Oriental languor. The goat had then and an exile, in his own home. The tension fold sadiy upon him. He lost his cid jaunty brightness, grew cynical and malignant, learned to hate and seom the things he had once valued, came to seoft at and deride the ideas he had all his life been taught to honor. In a short time he had degenerated into a reckless, embittered, greedy bird of prev, biding his time to pay off a long and rankling seare with society.

When Polyte first returned, and while yet he was ignorant of the fate awaiting him, he sought out a girl with whom, at the time of his departure, he had been passionately in love. She, too, was of the accursed class, but he had not thought of that before; he scarcely realized it now. So he strolled down Toulouse-st, to the well-remembered house where Melanie's dark eyes had so often shed light apon the quiet sitting room for him. Eight years had passed, but he pictured Melanie hanging over the broad gallery and peering under the branches of the orange trees with her beautiful face aglow, just as in the olden time. He found Melanie. But instead of the sylph-like, soft-eyed girl of his boytsh dreams, he saw the found manner. In the toriest of St. Petersburg and had, in that capacity, presented an address to the Czarevitch was to have him and every one cles who had signed the carreity of St. Petersburg and had, in that capacity, presented an address to the Czarevitch was to have him and every one cles who had signed the address thrum into propose which ad signed the address thrum a cerely of the Czarevitch was to have him and every one cles who had signed the address thrum into propose who had signed the address thrum and every one cles who had signed the address thrum into propose who had signed the address thrum into propose who had signed the address thrum into propose who had signed the carevited complaining of certain abuses. The reply of the Czarevitch was to have him and every one cles who had signed the address thrum into propose who had signed the address thrum into propose who had signed the addr

myself.

"He is now, at my suggestion, writing his life,"
said Tourguéneft, "merely as an effort of memory,
in order that he may regain his hold upon existence. He comes once a week and reads me what he
has written. The most remarkable fact about him
is the scientific dispassionateness with which he
writes. In his recital of the most harrowing experiences there is not a spark of indignation. Now,
that is Russian—it is the horrible, dreary hopelessness, which does not even rise to the dign ty of
despair. No man knows that feeling until he has
been in Russia—or in Asia. When you can slap a
man in the face, and he meekly bows and shows no
spark of resentment, you may safely shelve that despair. No man knows that feeling until he has been in Russia—or in Asia. When you can slap a man in the face, and he meekly bows and shows no spark of resentiment, you may safely shelve that man, in his own day and generation, as a subject for civilization. His great-grandchildren may perhaps be worth experimenting with. Of course the Nihllists and my other raddeal friends hate me when I tell them this; but they cannot deny it. If there was any process by which man could be educated for liberty, except the enjoyment of liberty, I should recommend it for Russia. The terrible birth-pains of liberty no barbarous land can excape, unless it chooses to remain in barbarism. Russia cannot in the nineteenth century start at the bottom of the ladder and develop civil liberty by slow and orderly degrees, as Englandihas done. Though I detest revolutions, I believe that in Russia a revolution of some sort is inevitable, as a prelinde to a more satisfactory condition, materially and politically. When a superficial civilization suddenly floods a barbaric country, abnormal events are in order. The terrific ferment in the aminda of nearly all educated Russians at the present time is evidence that they are vaguely expecting something of a sensational character—they scarcely know what. I shall not live to see it; but I should not wonder if you did. The throne of the Romanoffs is no more secure than any other throne of a barbaric ruler,—that is built upon millions of crusted hearts and strangled aspirations. That brutalizing force would, perhaps, be powerful enough for its own protection, if Russia were an Asiatic Power and not a European one. I refrain from active agints on because I am an indolent one. If I were young, I fondly imagine I should go back and endeavor to do something—and go to Siberia perhaps, or to jail. But I may be wrong. Just as filicy I should do what I do now—eat up my heart and do nothing. You think not! Ah, you are very flattering. But my books, the Russians say, are disheartening—as if a book about Russi

"There," he said with animation, "is a real
American—the first American who conforms to my
notion of what an American ought to be."
He regarded "Roughing It" is one of the best
books written in America; and for its author he
had the kindliest feeling.

HJALMAR H. BOYKSEN.

SELLING QUANTITIES OF TENNIS SETS. "Are there 25,000 lawn tennis players within

"Are there 25,000 lawn tennis players within a radius of ten miles of New-York ?"

"Yes, there are undoutedly that number," replied a gentieman engaged in the manufacture and sale of lawn tennis goods, the other day. "The demand is increasing all the time. Of high priced goods especially we are selling twice as many as last spring. A good tennis set with marker costs from \$30 up. A plain first-quality racquet costs \$5, but by inlaying the handles with cork, or gold or any costly substance, as for prize racquets, you can make them cost any amount of money. We have sold them for \$100. The pear-shaped racquet is no longer in demand. We make them all symmetrical now. Bevelled edges have gone by, too. They were of little use and weakened the frame. The latter is always made of the half-oval section new. The most popular weight is fourteen ounces. Lutiles use them as light as eleven ounces, but the nameer of fourteen-cures racquets sold far exceeds all the zees."

CURRENT ANECDOTES

A DOG WITH A CONSCIENCE.

A DOG WITH A CONSCIENCE.

Stories of sagacious dogs are pientiful enough, but they always form pleasant reading, chiefly because they are true. Here is a dog with a conscience. He is a Skye terrier. The owner had a dish of mutton cuttets for his lunch. When the repast was furthed there was one cutlet left on the dish. The gentleman was reading the newspaper, and appeared to be taking no notice. The dog saw the cutlet, and his mouth began to water. Then he smelt at it. It was very nice. Dogsy resolution could stand it no longer. The terrier seized the cutlet and be ted under the sofa. Still the gentleman took no notice. The terrier paused for a moment, expecting to receive a kick or a torrent of abuse. Nothing of the kind. The master took no notice. Somehow all the flavor of that cutlet seeined to have departed. The conscience-stricken terrier refused to touch it. He looked pitifully around for a time. How could he offend so good a master? Ho would not.

would not.

He simply picked up the cutlet, laid it at his master's feet, hung his head in shame, and stunk away, with his whole body expressing the sentiment of shame as plainly as anything this world has ever seen. The master did not beat that dog, but gave the cutlet to him.

THE SOPRANO'S PREDICAMENT.

From the Hartford Times.

In one of the hill towns of oid Litchfield County is a soprano of a Congregational church noted for her line voice. The other Sunday the white-haired oid clergyman lined out the opening hymn, and the organist, after a lingering clance at his neckits in the little merror, cocked his head on one side, slammed both hands down on the keys, and kicked at the pedals. The choir stopped laughing and gossiping, cleared their throats, and arose to sing. They struck into the hymn in good style, that is, all excepting the soprano. Not a sound from her missical throat. Her pretty face was at a red and her juws were working convensively. Whou it came to her solo part, she was dumb. The choir couldn't believe their cars, the congregation craned their necks at the choir, and the old gray-headed clergymen pushed his spees away up on his forehead and stared. The choir sang a single verse and stopped. By this time the soprano was at a red heat, and the perspiration on her marble brow had ruined her best Sunday bang. At last, with a final yank, she yanked her teeth apart, and exclaimed in an undertone: "If I ever keeth that Jones young 'un that gave me that hunk of mapie tady I'll break her back."

"Let us pray," said the old gray-headed clergyman solemnly. But everybody within carainot of the choir stopped to grin link.

stopped to grin first.

Prom The Two Republics (Cityef Mexico.)
A wild story cemes in room Perison, Michoacan. Three well mounted and well armed men stopped at an inn to pass the night. The woman who kept the place advised the authorities that three suspicious men had called at her house. The President of the city council and the judge, with a few citizens, went to the house to see the suspicious characters. But the three men locked themselves in their room and refused to be interviewed. A crowd of citizens was collected, but when they appeared they were greeted with a volley from the three men. An assault was then made on the room, and the prisoners breaking out of the door fought their way through the crowd, using their revolvers and daggers. The crowd followed closely after the fugitives and many shots were exchanged.

Finally one of the follows dropped; even while dying he turned over and fired on his pursuers. A second fell a few steps further on, fighting hard. The third sheltering bimself behind a rock, made it warm for his pursuers, and though often wounded, fought on with scarcely enough strength to draw his rifle to his shoulder. Called on to surrender, he only replied with a builet, which relieved the president of his hat. The crowd closed in round him as the death mist was passing over his eyes. Still he tried to pull the trigger of his rifle for a parting shot, but life and strength failed him. The corpses were buried in Fertban. They were supposed to be a part of Marclal Brave's bandit troop. During the fight the citizens had fired 200 shots, and of the setticens were wounded. The bandits died like legendary heroes.

Jim Webster was recently blessed with a son. His wife determined that the son and heir should have a high-sonning name, and selected a very beautiful one. When the child was presented to the elergyman for baptism the latter sald:
"Name the infant."
Jim scratched his head for awhile, and finally said:
"Squash."

HIS PRETTY NAME.

"Dat's no proper name for a Christian child."
"Sunflower, den."

"Sunflower, den."
Once more the clergyman shook his head incredulously.
Jim Webster leaned over and whispered to his wife to
give the right name.
"Hyacmth," she replied.
"Well, I knowed it was some kinder garden truck."

A BOY GETS UP STEAM. A BOY GETS UP STEAM.

From The Norsich Bulletin,
A youngster of a geological turn of mind picked up a
piece of unslacked lime on his way to school the other
day and put it in his jucket pocket. During the session
he jammed a wet sponge into his pocket and at once
steam becam to pour forth. He didn't know just what to
do, the whole school was in a roar of laughter and the
frightened teacher flew to his sile, thinking that his
clothing was on fire, and hastened to remove the combustibles from his pocket. In doing so her hand was
severely burned. He took a lecture upon his staplility
from his teacher with an air of amiability which suggested that he was satisfied if she was.

POE'S AVERSION FOR PUNSTERS.

He had an intense hatred for punsters. A Ite find att intense hatred for punsters. A. httle rhymester, who lived in Richmond, by accident was introduced to him. The party were drinking, and Poo very politely requested him to join in, and asked him what he would have. He replied that in honor of so distinguished a gentleman he believed he would take some Poe-rier. Poe gave this a frigid acknowledment, and ever afterward kept out of the fellow's way as far as he could.

HOW WASHINGTON BELLES RIDE.

The young ladies of the Domingues family are not only good tennis players, but fine riders, and they and Miss Margaret Blafne scour the country on their well-brei chestics with a staid groom in attendance. Miss Blainids a fear less horsewoman, and never looks so well as in the saddle, she has are markably fine figure, and her habit, has, gloves and equipments are the admiration and despair of her and equipments are the admiration and despair of her girl friends. Our envirous abound in magnificent reads, and the bridle-paths are as wild and primitive as if the Capitol was unbuilt and Congress non est. A half at hour's sharp trot will carry one into the heart of a soli-tude wherein the city becomes as the figurent of adream, and Nature and the birds, rabbits and foxes have it all to themselves. This is particularly the case about the neighborhood of Cabin John and Tenallytown, but there is hardly a place in which the great raking chestnut, the firm figure and flashing gray eyes of Miss Blatne are not a familiar sight.

firm figure and flashing gray eyes of Miss Blaine are not a familiar sight.

Our belies, in the matter of riding, rush things very much à l'Anglaise. They wear habits that come barely to their heels, patent leathers with straps, not-hats, and in flou of whips generally carry hunting-crops. The hor-ess are also rigged after the insular pattern, with serviceable manes and entirely impracticable fails—talls whose stub-cut keeps them well out of the mad, but makes the observer shudder for the season when gnate and horse-fles, midges, mosquitoes, and all the other plannes of Exypt shall swarm and feast on those unhappy equines. Clipping in winter and cropping in sumer are the "out and come again" that make the S. P. C. A. a reasonable society and a wholesome thought.

GRANT'S COOLNESS UNDER FIRE.

GRANT'S COOLNESS UNDER FIRE.

"On the morning of the day the army captured Petersburg, Grant stopped to write a dispatch, learning against one of the few fences left standing, near a bouse, the upper part of which had been abandoned by the women and children. These had taken refuge in the cellar, and were crying from fear, as the house was being ritidled by the Confederate artillery. The writer stood near the General, thinking, between shors, that it was no piace for him, but not seeing how he could leave while the lieutenant-general remained. When Grant had finished his dispatch, looking around and apparently appreciating for the first time what a hot piace he was in, he quietly said: 'I see no use in staying here, and movel off, very closely followed by his staft, to a place where an unoccupied man could feel cooler."

THE RIND THEY RAISE AT YALE.

THE RIND THEY RAISE AT YALE.

From The Cheedand Leader.

"I have another card story," continued Major Calkina, "and Senator Jones, of Nevada, is my authority for it. He says the incident actually happened in one of the little mining towns of his State. One night at the leading saloon of this little town a party of a half dozen were playing poker. Among the piagrers was a very nice young fellow, a gracinate of Yale College, and a man who had been quite successful at mining, and had at the same time made himself popular with his fellows. Another member of the party was a one-eyed stranger, and the rest was made up of other honest miners about the camp. The play went on from early in the evening until about midnight, and all this time the one-eyed man second to get all the good hands. Several times the college graduate though he saw that the man was cheating, but he did not appear to notice if.

"At minight time college graduate rose up and quiletly said: "Gentlemen, we are all tired playing, and some of us are about broke. I propose now that we take a recess, and have some cysters and champagne. After we are through we will throw away these cards, get a new deck, and see if our luck dou't change. We will set out to play a square game, and 'there he looked hard at the one-eyed stranger as he pat his linad on the revolver at his belt) 'and the lirst man we eatch cheating we will shoot out his other eye. Well, the motion was carried, the cysters were eaten, and the luck did change. The one-eyed man lost overy cent of his winnings, and as daylight broke through the dirty panes of the saloon windows he arose declaring himself dead broke."

Tired Languid Dull

Exactly expresses the condition of thousands of people as this season of the year. The depressing effects of the warm weather, and the weakened condition of the body, are quickly overcome by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilia. Why soffer longer when a remedy is so close at hand! Take it now. It will give you health, strength and energy.

"I took Hood's Sarsaparilia for loss of appetite, dyspepsia, and general languor. It did me a vast amount of good, and I have no heattancy in recommending it to my friends and all needing medicine." J. W. WILLEFORD, Quincy, Ill.

"Hood's Sarsaparilis tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to build me over." W. J. BLAIS, Corning, N. Y.

"I could not sleep, and is the morning had hardly life enough to get out of bed. I had no appetite, and my faces would break out with pumples. I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilia, and soon began to sleep soundly; could get up without that tired and langui foeling, and my appetite improved." R. A. Sarponn, Kent, O.

. SAMPOND, Kent, O. Hood's Sarsaparilla y all druggists. \$1. 85x for \$5. Propured on: L. MOOD & CO., Apetheoaries, Lewell, Mass,

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